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PHONE 74 LOGAN, UTAH

Red Cross In Logan

The City Council of Defense has provided a membership in the American Red Cross for every War Chest subscriber. Service flags and buttons are now in the mail. This will mean Red Cross flags in 1400 Logan homes, and makes a very satisfactory start towards the goal of Universal Membership set by the American Red Cross. In connection with the Logan War Chest, the City Council assured Logan that no more "war drives" would be made in Logan during the year, and therefore, no house to house canvass will be made for membership in the American Red Cross. The chapter officials feel, however, that there are hundreds of people in Logan who will want the honor of wearing a Red Cross button in 1919. Accordingly, "Enrollment Booths" will be placed about town during the latter part of the week in order to enroll all those who

have not been made members of the American Red Cross for the year 1919 by the War Chest, or who are not provided for in the enrollment of school children under the Junior Red Cross.

The fact that no organized drive is to be made in Logan makes it all the more necessary that everyone rally round the Red Cross Recruit depot—Enlist in the Red Cross.

"COME ON IN" DEALS WITH SPIES IN TRAINING CAMPS

The secret machinations of German spies in the training camps in this country are graphically exposed by John Emerson and Anita Loos in their first production for Paramount, "Come On In" which will be shown at the Liric theatre tonight and which serves to introduce Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex to Paramount.

mount audiences as costars in motion pictures.

In the development of the story of the photoplay, Miss Marion portrays the role of a patriotic stenographer who is desirous of doing her bit for her country and who imperils her life in tracing Hun spies. Mr. Truex is seen as a little sergeant stationed at Camp Upton (who loves the stenographer and who cordially hates his rival, a trooper, who is in fact a German spy affiliated with a



SHIRLEY MASON
"Come On In"
A Paramount Picture

band of Hun agents who are operating to the injury of Uncle Sam at the cantonments.

The principals in the story have many exciting adventures, but they never lose sight of the slogan of the picture "come on in—the war is fine." It is an appeal to every man be he of draft age or beyond, to do all in his power to frustrate the secret enemies of democracy who burrow their way into every activity in these crucial days. Running thru the story is a strong vein of satire on German stupidity and the utter inability of German agents to appreciate the ideals and purposes of civilized nations. The picture has been admirably produced by Mr. Emerson and the support throughout is excellent.

GOOD FOOD FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

At the request of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the navy the Department of Agriculture has participated in protecting American military and naval forces against

SERVICE TURNED TO LOVE

With troubled gaze on troubled stream,
No mirrored good is found;
Still, thou, the waves of clashing wills,
Till strength and peace abound.
In love's pure waters, crystal clear,
Gaze thou with senses stilled,
With visioned truth of present good,
Shall all thy soul be filled.
Then forth to cheer the falt'ring friend,
To stay misguided foes,
To serve all aspirations good,
True inspiration flows.
And as thy soul receives solace
Transcendent, from above,
Thyself doth find attainment's grace
Is served, tuned to love.

—F. A. H.

unwholesome food, says the Secretary of Agriculture in his annual report. The federal meat inspection, which for years has safeguarded the civil population of the United States from bad meat in interstate commerce, was extended to include the special supervision of the meat supply of the American army and navy. The examination, selection and the handling of meats and fats are in expert hands from the time the live animals are driven to slaughter until the finished product is delivered in good condition to the mess cooks. Inspectors were assigned to the various cantonments, training camps, forts, posts, and other places in the United States where large numbers of troops are assembled and at the close of the fiscal year there were 69 experts with the army and 30 with the navy.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

"I am thankful for the good I have received by using Chamberlain's Tablets. About two years ago when I began taking them I was suffering a great deal from distress after eating, and from headaches and a tired feeling, due to indigestion and a torpid liver. Chamberlain's Tablets corrected these disorders in a short time and since taking two bottles of them my health has been good," writes Mrs. M. P. Harwood, Auburn, N. Y.

A DATE WITH SANTA CLAUS



DEAR Santa Claus, I'm waiting here
For you to come with your reindeer,
And bring the toys you've got for me
Right down into this chimney.
Can't keep my head up very straight,
So hope you won't be awfully late.
Might go to sleep in this big chair,
So Santa, if you really care
To meet me, as I hope you do,
You'll make your reindeer come right thru.
'Cause if this date you're going to keep,
Do hurry 'fore I go to sleep.

**The Old Shoemaker
A Christmas Story from
the French of De Coppet**

NOT long ago there lived in the city of Marseilles an old shoemaker, loved and honored by all his neighbors, who called him "Father Martin." One Christmas eve Father Martin, who had been reading the story of the three wise men who brought their gifts to the infant Jesus, said to himself:
"If only tomorrow were the first Christmas day and the Savior were coming to this world tonight, how I would serve and adore him! I know very well what I would give him."
He arose and took from a shelf two little shoes. "Here is what I would give him, my finest work. How pleased his mother would be! But what am I thinking of?" he continued, smiling. "Does the Savior need my poor shop and my shoes?"
But that night Father Martin had a dream. He thought that the voice of Jesus himself said to him: "Martin, you have wished to see me. Watch the street tomorrow from morning until evening, for I shall pass your way."
When he awoke the next morning, Father Martin, convinced that what he had dreamed would surely take place, hastened to put his shop in order, lighted his fire, drank his coffee and then seated himself at the window to watch the passersby.
The first person he saw was a poor street sweeper, who was trying to warm himself, for it was bitter cold. "Poor man!" said Martin to himself. "He must be very cold. Suppose I offer him a cup of coffee."
He tapped on the window and called to the man, who did not have to be urged to accept the steaming coffee.
After watching in vain for an hour Father Martin saw a young woman, miserably clothed, carrying a baby. She was so pale and thin that the heart of the poor cobbler was touched, and he called to her. "You don't look very well," he said.
"I am going to the hospital," replied the woman. "I hope they will take me in with my child. My husband is at sea, I am sick and haven't a cent."
"Your thing!" said the old man. "You must eat some bread while you are getting warm. No? Well, take a cup of milk for the little one. Come,

yourself and let me take the baby. Why? You haven't put his shoes on."
"He hasn't any," sighed the woman. "Wait a minute. I have a pair."
And the old man brought the shoes which he had looked at the evening before and put them on the child's feet. They fitted perfectly.
Hour after hour went by, and although many people passed the window, the Master did not come. When it grew dark the old man sadly began to prepare his humble supper. "It was a dream," he murmured. "Well, I did hope. But he has not come." After supper he fell asleep in his chair. Suddenly the room seemed full of the



Watched the Passerby.
people whom he had aided during the day, and each one asked of him in turn: "Have you not seen me?"
"But who are you?" cried the shoemaker to all these visions.
Then the little child pointed to the Bible on the table, and his rosy finger showed the old man this passage:
"Whoever shall receive one of these little ones receiveth me." "I was anhungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in. . . . Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

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**J. H. WATKINS, Jr. Mgr.,
Sec'y and Treas.**

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